

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE

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CORRESPONDENCE. Address communications relating to news and editorial matter to Omaha Bee, Editorial Department. APRIL CIRCULATION. 58,448

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss. Dwight Williams, circulation manager of The Bee Publishing company, being duly sworn, says that average daily circulation for the month of April, 1914, was 58,448.

DWIGHT WILLIAMS, Circulation Manager. Subscribed in my presence and sworn to before me this 28th day of May, 1914. ROBERT HUNTER, Notary Public.

Subscribers leaving the city temporarily should have The Bee mailed to them. Address will be changed as often as requested.

Chicago has now a drastic anti-gun-toting ordinance. Omaha please copy.

Another accident on an auto speedway—records broken without the loss of life.

The stream, you will take notice, is the River "of" Doubt, not at all "in" doubt.

These made-to-order spontaneous popular uprisings are getting altogether common.

It was a cinch from the start that Ak-Sar-Ben would give Omaha its long-needed new hotel first.

When it comes to chasing crooks in their own legal profession, the ambulance chasers suddenly slow up.

As Senator Borah says in this get-together move, amalgamation of the voters counts more than the "leaders."

One thing that helps make Browning immortal is the claim of his friends that he met death without writing a sonnet.

How did young Mr. Rockefeller know but Judge Lindsey came to discuss the next following Sabbath school lesson?

Along with the rest of the things that must now come back, let us pray to be spared while from the simplified spelling.

Note, however, that republican candidates for gubernatorial nominations are not hesitating as to which ticket to file for.

The Irish situation may be amicably disposed of, but what is that as compared with the furor—that is, those furious Suffis?

"Brother Charley" says he is surprised at Governor Morehead. He ought not to be, for the governor has been anything but a surprise.

Yes, but how can those "champagne toasts" by militants be made to fit the votes-for-women argument specially directed to temperance advocates?

Our Senator Hitchcock is described as anxious for action in the distribution of that Nebraska federal pie. "Here, here," shout a hundred hungry patriots, watchfully waiting.

The thing for the nonresident owners of the daily yellow to do is to hire some other famous detective agency and try again. Or have they poured enough money into that rathole?

Huerta's minister of agriculture and colonization has quit the job. He must have concluded that under existing conditions he could not make his department earn the money.

According to Senator Hitchcock, he has the successor to Ross Hammond as United States internal revenue collector for Nebraska all picked out. But there seems to be a "hitch" somewhere.

While admitting that the political bee is buzzing again, ex-Governor Aldrich declares that if he files he will have "some things to say relative to state affairs which will be interesting." Oh, say them, Chet, whether you file or not!

The Omaha Glee club gave a concert last night at the North Presbyterian church. Mrs. Day and Miss Minnie Maki assisted in the program.

George Burke, manager of R. G. Dun's mercantile agency, left for New York on business.

Mrs. Dr. E. W. Lee and child left for Randolph, N. T., to spend the summer with friends and relatives.

Jacob Riis. The police and social reform upheaval in New York, like the late insurance investigation, followed the persistent probing of a newspaper reporter browsing about for a good story. Theodore Roosevelt has often said that as police commissioner his hands were upheld, his efforts aided by "Jake" Riis, more than any other. But for the initiative of Riis, the reporter for twenty-seven years, it is doubtful if the upheaval would have come just then. He was a pioneer, this man, in the great work of social betterment in big cities. He paved the way to a good deal of success for others in civic and sanitary cleanliness. And he acted on his own initiative, as a newspaper man on the firing line. He could not remain inactive, was never content without achieving. He realized the power of his seemingly humble position and commanded it for great things. Then he became a social worker and author of books. Riis was one of those sturdy European-Americans, who have brought force and character and genius to our country; who have done big things, things worth doing; who have instilled the spirit of restless energy, dauntless enterprise and decent living and helped to make this a better country in which to dwell.

As to City Deposits. Proposals for deposits of city money asked for by the council bring one bid offering 2 1/2 per cent interest on a maximum of \$100,000 (which is still one-half of 1 per cent less than is being paid on state deposits), and uniform bids of 2 per cent on average balances from each of the other banks. One-half of 1 per cent on \$100,000 is exactly \$500, which we have no doubt any bank would be willing to pay for assurance that a \$100,000 account would not be disturbed. Which brings us back to the provision incorporated into the defeated home rule charter, which, we think, fully covered the ground, offered the best solution of this problem. This charter provision supplemented the present method of handling city money by giving the treasurer authority to take out time certificates of deposit at current rates of interest. With this authority, it would be easy for the treasurer to estimate his permanent account and take out time certificates maturing from month to month in such amounts as would be desirable, while in case of urgency the certificates could be easily cashed in without loss.

The truth is there is no good reason why the city or county, or any other governmental agency, should be treated any different or have any preference over other depositors in a bank. There is no more reason why the city should make its deposits special deposits, requiring special security, than there is for a railroad or a business firm, or a public service corporation, or an individual depositor carrying large balances. The city should have the best rate given on any interest-bearing balance of current funds, and it should have the right to make time deposits at the prevailing higher rates. It should not give favors nor demand favors of the banks.

A Bumper Fruit Crop Coming. While anticipating a wheat harvest in Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas of more than 300,000,000 bushels—100,000,000 more than last year—we may also take comfort in the reported prospect of a corresponding bumper fruit crop. To some, who have been inclined to view the situation at short range, knowing that peaches have suffered some damage, this may bring surprise. It is the statement, nevertheless, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, with headquarters at Washington, made after an accurate survey of the country. To be sure, peaches and perhaps some other fruits have been damaged in sections. In the Ozark regions of Missouri, it is said, there has been a 75 per cent loss, and yet as a whole conditions both of citrus and delicious fruit are such as to warrant the chamber in sending forth the statement that the fruit crop will be an exceedingly heavy one.

Nor do these blessings end with wheat and fruit. About everything else that grows promises equally well. The fact is, judging from the present outlook, we are facing one of the richest years the country has ever known. This undoubtedly will have its effect on the general conservatism of the prevailing commercial status. Another vital feature suggested is the matter of transportation facilities. Are we to come up to these gigantic harvests only to hear the old cry of "car shortage?" Already railroads are said to be distributing cars over their systems in the west, preparatory to the demands soon to set in. This should be done as a general thing so far as possible to give us the full advantage of the soil's productions.

Land and Ambition. Take the land question and the element of personal and political ambition out of the Mexican situation and what is left that could not be settled without resort to arms and international mediation? Of course, the Americans at this conference will not agree to omit these two factors from the list of subjects that is to form the final basis of consideration. As was made plain at the outset, the mediators are confronted with the task of not merely adjusting differences between two domestic factions, or any or all Mexican elements and a foreign power, but rather theirs is to work out a basis on which the pacification of all the conflicting elements of Mexico may be accomplished before such a thing as amity abroad is possible.

Our mediators, therefore, have gained time in securing recognition now of these two questions as vital—the land situation and a tacit endorsement by the constitutionalists of what is done at Niagara Falls. Now for the common consent to the elimination as the first step and we may begin to see some real progress toward the goal. But after all this is secured, and after everything is done except the naming—in whatever way, may be decided upon—of the man to lead all Mexico, united and harmonious, to the first stage in its rehabilitation, this will still stand out as the supreme test and task of the hour. Who is the man on whom the fiercely arrayed factions of Huerta, Zapata, Carranza, Villa and yet others will agree? Far be it from Americans to disparage the prospect of peace after so valiantly promoting it by saying there is no such man, but this we may say—finding him is yet a big job.

There is always time to make good and yet never time to waste.

The Bee's Letter Box

The Boost that Counts. OCTAVIA, May 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: I have been a reader and subscriber to The Bee for more than twenty years, and have never seen in that time a word in your paper of our little town of Octavia. And we need no boosting, for we know out here there is no better growing live stock market for its size. We have no Charley Wootter to meddle with our religion and politics and no saloons. But we have one of the best High schools in the county, and our bank is most superior. E. CLAUS.

Denies They Were Mediocres. BENSON, Neb., May 27.—To the Editor of The Bee: I desire to take exception to one statement contained in "Der Heide's" excellent article in The Bee wherein he says: "The Trinity of Mediocres, namely, Monroe, Pierce and Polk. 'Oh, tell it not in Gath, neither publish it in the streets of Askelon.'" Webster defines a mediocre to be "one of middling quality, talent or merit." Let us examine each name in its order. In the first place, it is certainly a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the American people of that period to elect James Monroe president for four years, giving him all the electoral votes except twenty-three, and then re-elect him, this time giving him all the electoral votes save one—eleven—declaring that no president but Washington should receive the unanimous vote—if the statement of "Der Heide" is correct that James Monroe was a mediocre. Previous to his presidency Monroe served as governor for Virginia, also as minister to England under Thomas Jefferson and as secretary of state under President Madison. In every capacity he towered above political parties and demagogues, like Chimborazo above the clouds, until he stood forth before the world a statesman. So popular was he that the period of his presidential terms comes down in history as the "era of good feeling." His famous doctrine contained in his message to congress in 1823, known since as the Monroe doctrine, has received the sanction of the American people, and assented to by every European power, with the exception of a couple futile exceptions. No enunciation of any doctrine ever affected the destiny of all nations in our western world as the Monroe doctrine. With James Monroe, as with Abraham Lincoln, simplicity was power.

Next, as to Franklin Pierce: In the first place, Franklin Pierce, prior to his accession to the presidency, rendered distinguished services to his state and nation which alone merited him recognized ability. Pierce's administration was free from important measures and vexatious questions, such as abound today. He simply met and quietly discharged the duties imposed upon his administration without fiddle or farce. No noise, no friction, no far-fetched strenuousness; but as master of the ship of state President Pierce pursued the even tenor of his way, never once meeting shipwreck or disaster until he ran amuck "Der Heide." "Still waters run deep."

Next, as to James K. Polk: "Der Heide" is not so explicit as to why he relegates Polk to the trinity of "mediocres," but in his article he goes as far as to state that the Mexican war under Polk's administration was unjustifiable, and, in my mind, proves his case. He quotes Tom Corwin and Abraham Lincoln as opposed to the Mexican war. In fact, he could have quoted the names of many others, including General Grant and myself. Had "Der Heide" consulted General Grant's memoir, written, of course, in Grant's mature years, he would have found that, although he was in the Mexican war, yet that he could not now see any justifiable cause for the same upon the part of the United States.

But the fact that the Mexican war was unjust and waged for the conquest of territory to perpetuate the slave power does not prove that President Polk and his generals and armies were mediocres. We gained every battle, frequently against vastly superior numbers. We wrested from Mexico enough territory to found an empire, paying for the same, according to "Der Heide," about 2 cents an acre, excepting, of course, the cost of the war itself. James K. Polk as president probably bore the same relation to our success in the Mexican war as did President McKinley to the Spanish-American war, or Abraham Lincoln to the American civil war.

James Monroe, James K. Polk and Franklin Pierce were a trinity of "mediocres." JAMES P. GROVE.

Brooklyn Eagle: The Andes condor and the North American eagle are on better terms than ever, but luckily their nesting places are far apart. Neither bird is too sweet tempered. This is no nature fake.

Brooklyn Eagle. One of the pyramids has just given up the gold crown of Pharaoh, a lot of miscellaneous gems and a few pounds of gold beads. Modern builders of safe deposit vaults should study ancient Egyptian construction. It beats ours all hollow.

Pittsburgh Dispatch: Wherever business with Mr. Billard I always looked him straight in the eyes and never turned my head, says Charles S. Mellen. Yet it seems that Mr. Mellen must have permitted his gaze to waver for a few moments about the time Mr. Billard gathered in that \$2,700,000 profit.

Philadelphia Ledger: This country had had its own experiences with men who in demanding what they call their rights disregarded the rights of everybody else, but in England the difficulty is rendered much greater by the fact that the disturbers are women. Increasing disrespect for authority, in government and society, is one of the most ominous characteristics of modern civilization.

Springfield Republican: Who can say that the day of the war correspondents has passed? Two of them, Mario Basco of the Mattins, and Guelro Civnini of the Corriere della Sera, have been awarded the medal for valor by the Italian government for their heroic conduct in Libya, upon the recommendation of General Ameglio. There were some correspondents in that war, who should have had the Ananias medal.

A Nervy Scotter. A distinguished British geographer is inclined to scoff at Mr. Roosevelt's claim to have discovered a new tributary to the Amazon 1,000 miles long. There's a geographer who pretty soon won't know what hit him.

Sunshine and Shadow

Thumbnail Sketches of Early Summer Events.

America's Downfall in Golf. The sporting blood of John Bull is gradually assuming its normal gaiety. By an astonishing return of form the Brits have met the American golfing invasion and routed the Amateur champion from this side of the big pond. Last year's disaster has been avenged. "Ten American players," says the New York World, "were included in a total of 232 entries and among them were our best three men, Traversa, Cullum and Evans, with Herrshoff close behind them. Even if they had been playing in their usual form, the odds were heavily against the Americans. While we have four or five players who are probably as good as any four or five in Great Britain, they have a much larger group of high-class men, as golf is an ancient game there.

"Golf is an uncertain game. It happens frequently that an expert playing a little below his form is beaten by a mediocre man playing a little above his own. This is what occurred several times at Sandwich. The most striking feature of the tournament was the defeat of Jerome Traversa in the opening round by a man more than twice his age, who was also suffering from lumbago.

"Evans did the best of our men. He won three good matches, and then a little-known Scotchman named Macfarlane turned loose against him a spurt of the finest golf ever seen in an amateur championship anywhere."

Swearing in Fish Stories. Grover Cleveland in his piscatorial ruminations observed that a fisherman should not be idealized as a messenger of the truth. The words were different, but conveyed the idea that the professional enjoyed a kind of poetical license, entitling them to full freedom of imagination. The city of Pittsburg, Kan., concedes the right to a license, but insists the license shall be a sworn document, thus stimulating a piscatorial talent hitherto suppressed by vendors of publicity. Besides the license to evade the haunts of the bribe the bearer must also make oath to his angling achievements. At the headquarters of the fishermen in Pittsburg three affidavits for this season have been posted. One man swears that he did "then and there apprehend, catch and land one fish, to wit: a bass of the weight of six pounds." The head of the bass is exhibited with the affidavit. Two other men swear to the "apprehension" of bass, one from a lake at West Mineral and another from the lake at Weida.

It is said the affidavit has caused a great decrease in the number of fish stories told.

Tragedy of Red Paint. The accidental spilling of a few drops of red paint upon the white dress of 14-year-old Margaret Mulcahey of 72 Columbus avenue, New York City, almost caused a lynching.

Margaret had just been confirmed, and with her mother was walking up Amsterdam avenue looking for a photographer to take a picture of her in her confirmation dress. Henry Simlowitz, a painter, was walking down the avenue, carrying two pails of red paint, and looking at the number of the houses as he passed. The two collided and paint was spilled on the girl's dress.

She started to scream, her mother joined in, and Simlowitz took to his heels. Mother and daughter pursued him, Passersby, noticing the red on the girl's dress, joined the chase, setting up the cry, "Kill the murderer!"

The painter was rescued with difficulty by the police from a store in which he had sought refuge. The excited crowd slunk away when it heard the story.

No Treating in Tacoma. The anti-treating law, the favorite measure of Mayor A. V. Fawcett, which languished during his retirement of three years from the mayoralty office, is again in force in Tacoma. From now on, says the mayor, no saloonkeeper can allow a man to buy a drink to another in his place of business without being subject to arrest. The law is aimed at the practice of men spending their weekly or monthly pay checks treating each other.

"It certainly pleased me when I heard that the saloonmen in the city had put their anti-treating signs up again," said Mayor Fawcett. "I believe now they are prepared to uphold the law and I am going to help them."

Father Was Not in Form. The young man of persistence had been kicked out of the parlor of his best girl in Indianapolis for the thirteenth time by the same identical irate parental foot.

As he picked himself up from the pavement, he said to the aforementioned l. p., who stood in the doorway exuding threats from every pore: "Father-to-be, far be it from me to say anything discouraging, but you are losing form. That trip from the parlor to the front steps is usually made in four kicks. This time you took five. I should at least try to make it in bogey, if I were you."

And the young man went indignantly away into the night.

Twice Told Tales. The Difference. A story is told of an Irish sailor who decided to walk from Newport to Cardiff. He met a cart driver and asked: "How far is it from Newport to Cardiff?" "Twelve miles, mister," was the reply. "Thankee," said Pat. "An' how far is it from Cardiff to Newport?"

Driver—Didn't I tell you how far it was from Newport to Cardiff? Do you suppose it is any farther the other way back?

Irishman—Sure, and I don't know. I know it is a great deal farther from New Year's day to Christmas than from Christmas to New Year's day.—Western Mail.

Good Wishes for Judge. William Hahn, alias Smith, of the "Old Dutch gang," New York, was sentenced to ten years for burglary, ten years for larceny and sixteen years on an old sentence.

It will keep Hahn in prison until he is 73. Going out, Hahn was heard to mutter: "What's that he says?" demanded Judge Romalasky. "He says he hopes you will sleep well after that," responded the court attendant.—New York World.

People and Events. For the time being, at least, British will forego nerve tonic and bandage their heads. Pass the arnica.

Mrs. Russell Sage has contributed to the state museum enough money to acquire a series of 108 bird paintings by Louis Agassiz Fuertes, of Ithaca, for the museum's book on the birds of New York.

A successful peach grower, S. J. T. Bush, in a recent talk at Rochester, N. Y., said that 200,000 bushels of peaches rotted on the trees in one New York county alone in 1912 for lack of cars to transport them to market.

The supreme court of North Carolina has just decided in an appealed case that a person may say "damn" on the streets of the towns and cities of that state if nobody but a policeman hears the peace-devastating word.

In an old trunk in her bedroom appraisers of the estate of Miss Mary E. Pittinger, who died recently at her home in Freehold, N. J., found nearly \$1,900 in coins and banknotes, many of them very old mintage. There were many 2 and 3-cent pieces and several \$50 banknotes.

Lines to a Laugh.

"Your daughter is rather near sighted," said the doctor. "Well," replied Mr. Growber, "I don't know as we will regard it as an affliction when she gets old enough to wait everything she sees."—Washington Star.

Me. Softy—Here's somebody proposes to kill all idlers in their childhood. Miss Pert—Dreadful idea. There are not not enough men to go around as it is.—Baltimore American.

"Do you make your wife a regular weekly allowance?" "I do." "How much do you give her?" "See here! I call it blamed cheeky of you to ask what my salary is."—Boston Transcript.

"Have you an opening here for me?" asked the assertive young man. "Yes," answered the manager. "It's right behind you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"You want to employ me to collect bad bills?" "That's the idea." "I don't think a girl is suited to that kind of occupation." "Why not?" "The old adage states that woman's work is never done."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There's one thing I like about those Mexican generals," said Colonel Stilwell, "and that's their enterprise." "In what line?" "Official distinction. You scarcely hear

A Little Vacation.

Minna Irving in Leslie's. The morning letters on my desk. Yet unopened lie. To assure catches over the roof. My restless plumes fly. I dream of cottages shaded down. Through sun and shade and silver dew. And take me far from town.

Beyond the whir of wheels and wires. The pall of smoke and steam. The woods are dancing in the wind. And every tiny bud that blows. And every booming bee. And birds, and breeze, and billow, sends A wireless to me.

I want to climb the mountain heights. And leave the world below. And give my city-harped soul A little chance to grow. I want to idle on the beach. And burrow in the sand. Where ocean's blue immensity Will make my heart expand.

Too long a grind of work and care. And every-day routine. Create a fever nothing cures. But places still and green. An hour is long enough to pack. My grip, and reach the station. Let business go to smash for once. I need a short vacation.

AFTER HUNGER IS SATISFIED— THEN WHAT? Is there a feeling of heaviness, of bloating, heartburn, nausea. Something remains undigested, ferments and disturbs the entire system. Such cases can be materially benefited by the use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS YOU SHOULD KEEP A BOTTLE HANDY FOR EMERGENCY.



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of The Bee. Turn to the Want Ad pages and run down the columns. Some swapper may be making an offer that would greatly interest you. Come to The Bee office and we will show you a new way of using these ads profitably at almost no cost at all to you.

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Thirty Years Ago This Day in Omaha

The commission appointed by County Judge McCulloch consisting of John L. McCague, Samuel E. Rogers, George Smith, Fred W. Gray, Chas. Hartman and O. P. Dayle to assess damages for the R. & M. right of way began work. About twenty lots lying between the white lead works and Tenth street are to be condemned.

The Omaha Glee club gave a concert last night at the North Presbyterian church. Mrs. Day and Miss Minnie Maki assisted in the program.

George Burke, manager of R. G. Dun's mercantile agency, left for New York on business.

Mrs. Dr. E. W. Lee and child left for Randolph, N. T., to spend the summer with friends and relatives.

Judge Porter, for two months past the guest of his son-in-law, Ed Haver, returned to his home in California.

The new ticket for the district court shows five murder cases to come up for trial.